



GRIPPING TALES of SUSPENSE!

No 110
AUG.

ADVENTURES INTO THE

UNKNOWN

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CODE



AUTHORITY

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Name _____ AGE _____

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THE POLICE FILE IS CLOSED NOW---AND SO WE CAN TELL THE INCREDIBLE TALE! AND YET NO MATTER HOW ARTFULLY IT IS WRITTEN, WHO WOULD BELIEVE THE STRANGE STORY OF---

THE THING CALLED JEREMY!

STORY:
SHANE O'SHEA
ART:
PAUL REINMAN

FOR THE THIRD TIME THAT WEEK, EVE GORDON STOOD PLEADING AT THE DOOR OF DR. PHINEAS TRIMBLE! ONCE MORE, THE OLD MAN'S ANSWER WAS THE SAME---

BUT DR. TRIMBLE, I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM JEREMY FOR **WEEKS** NOW! A MAN JUST DOESN'T **DISAPPEAR** LIKE THAT! YOU MUST TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM---

MY CHILD, YOU MUST **FORGET JEREMY!** HE'LL **NEVER** COME BACK! IT'S **HOPELESS**---**HOPELESS!**

BUT THIS TIME, EVE HAD HAD ENOUGH OF TRIMBLE'S EVASIONS! HER SUSPICIONS WERE AROUSED---

EVE, TAKE MY ADVICE---PUT JEREMY OUT OF YOUR HEART! HE WASN'T FOR YOU---HE WAS---**DIFFERENT**---

MAYBE THAT'S WHAT ATTRACTED ME! SOMETHING'S **HAPPENED** TO JEREMY---YOU'RE HIDING THE TRUTH! I'M GOING TO THE **POLICE!**

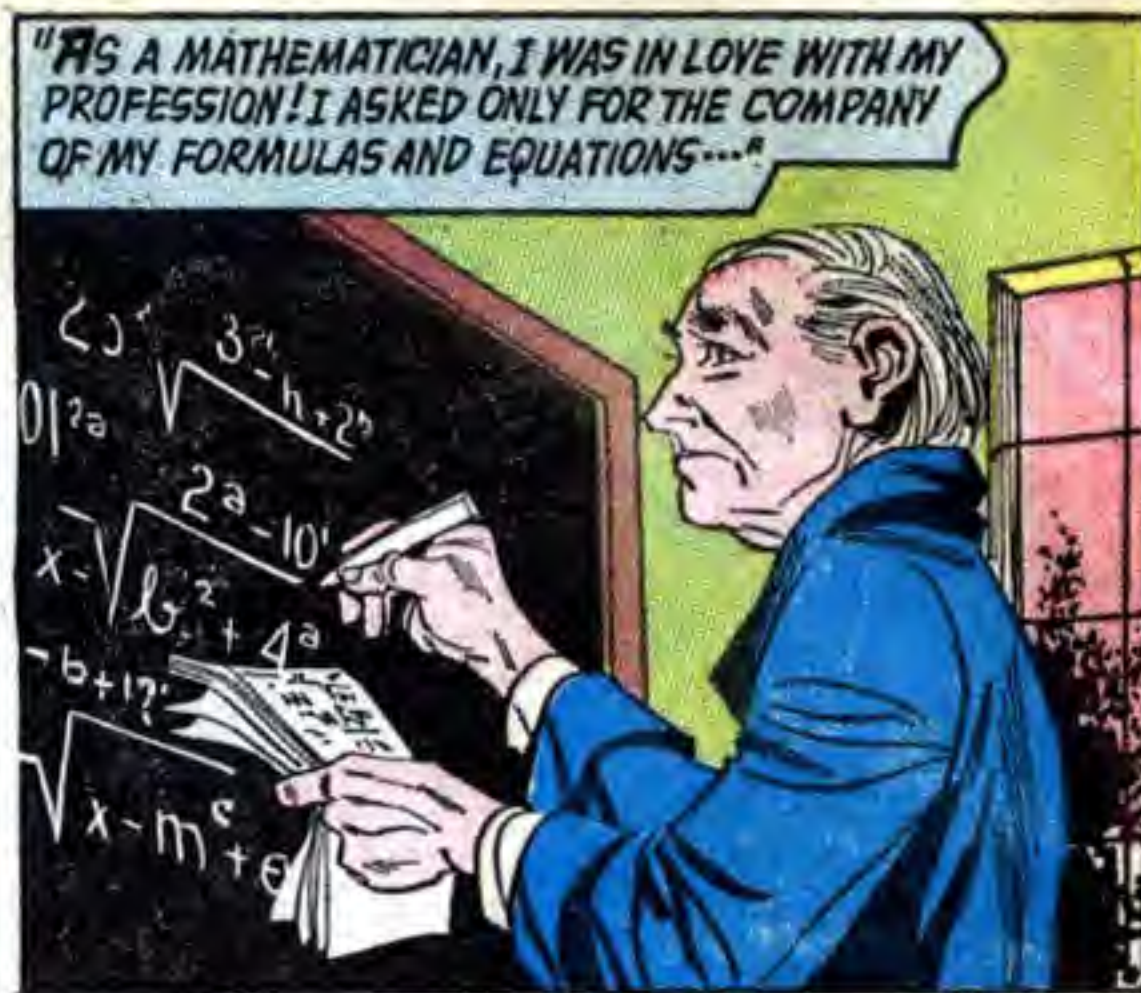
IT WAS LATE THAT NIGHT THAT THE POLICE CAME! WHEN THEY BROKE IN, THEY FOUND OLD PHINEAS BABBLING OVER A TANGLED WEB OF WIRES AND RODS---

JEREMY!
JEREMY! IF ONLY I HAD MORE TIME!

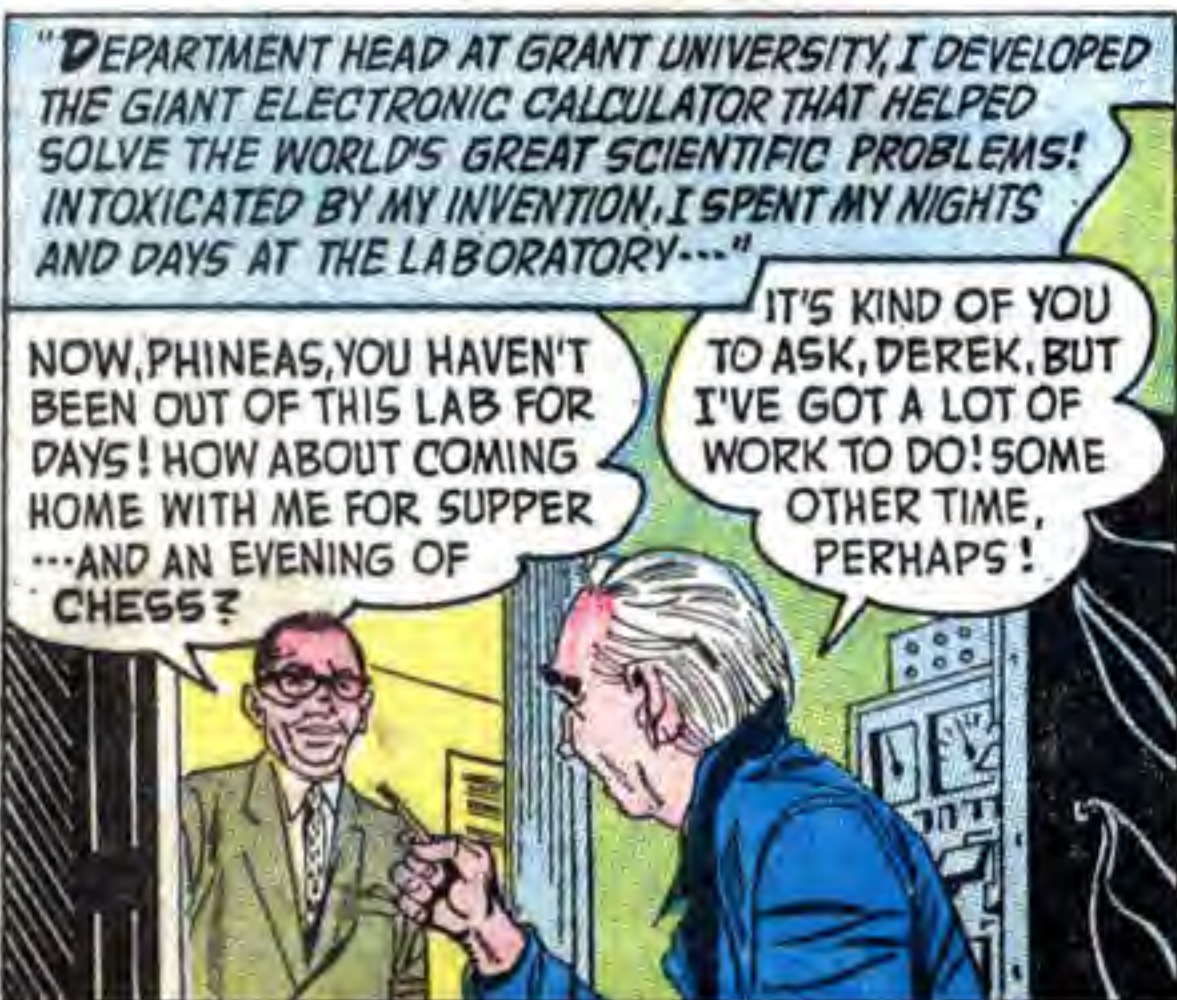


DR. TRIMBLE, WE'VE HAD A REPORT THAT YOUR SON JEREMY HAS VANISHED! HAVE YOU ANY EXPLANATION FOR HIS DISAPPEARANCE?

EXPLANATION? YES, GENTLEMEN, THERE IS AN EXPLANATION! SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO JEREMY!



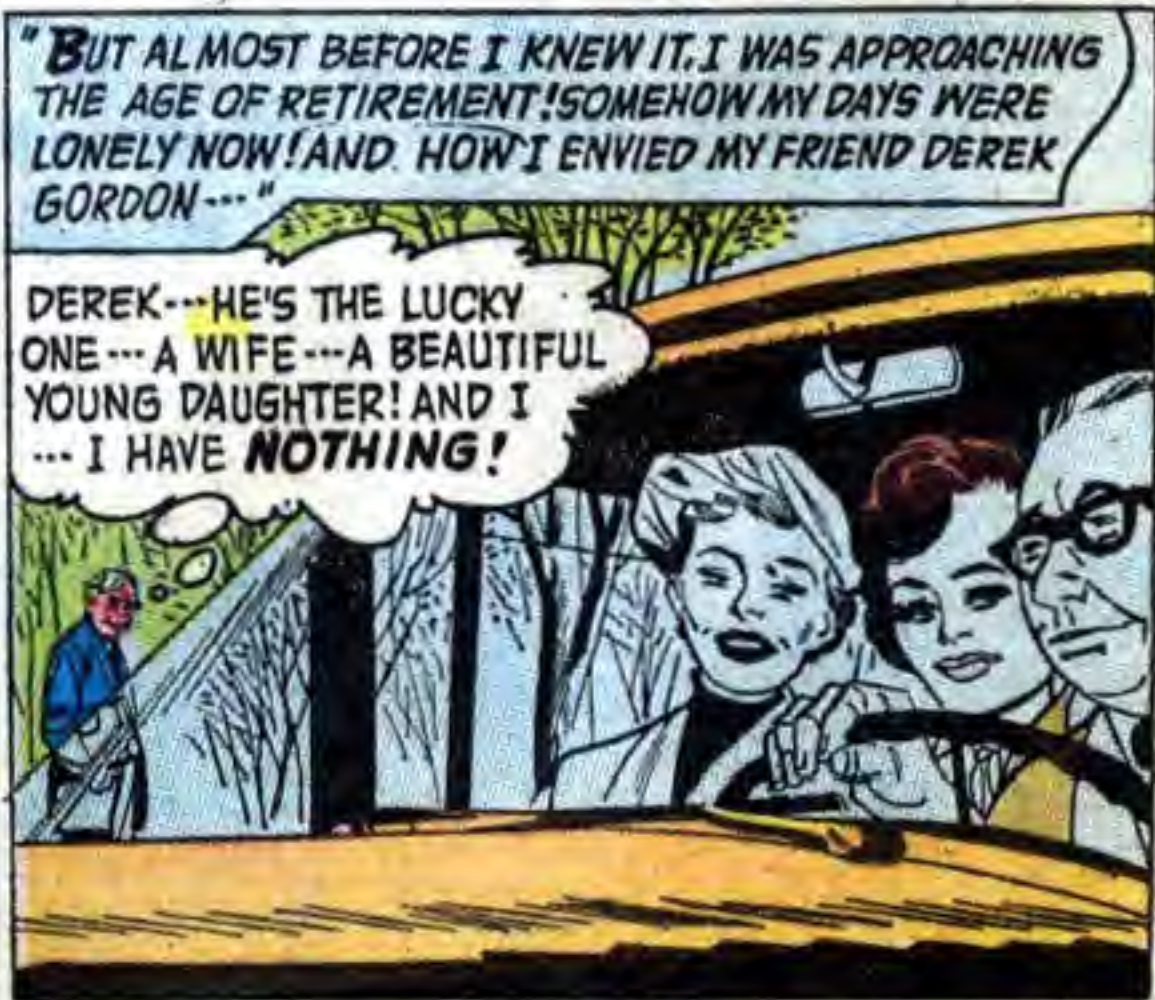
"AS A MATHEMATICIAN, I WAS IN LOVE WITH MY PROFESSION! I ASKED ONLY FOR THE COMPANY OF MY FORMULAS AND EQUATIONS..."



"DEPARTMENT HEAD AT GRANT UNIVERSITY, I DEVELOPED THE GIANT ELECTRONIC CALCULATOR THAT HELPED SOLVE THE WORLD'S GREAT SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS! INTOXICATED BY MY INVENTION, I SPENT MY NIGHTS AND DAYS AT THE LABORATORY..."

NOW, PHINEAS, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN OUT OF THIS LAB FOR DAYS! HOW ABOUT COMING HOME WITH ME FOR SUPPER ...AND AN EVENING OF CHESS?

IT'S KIND OF YOU TO ASK, DEREK, BUT I'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO! SOME OTHER TIME, PERHAPS!



"BUT ALMOST BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS APPROACHING THE AGE OF RETIREMENT! SOMEHOW MY DAYS WERE LONELY NOW! AND HOW I ENVIED MY FRIEND DEREK GORDON..."

DEREK... HE'S THE LUCKY ONE... A WIFE... A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG DAUGHTER! AND I ... I HAVE **NOTHING**!



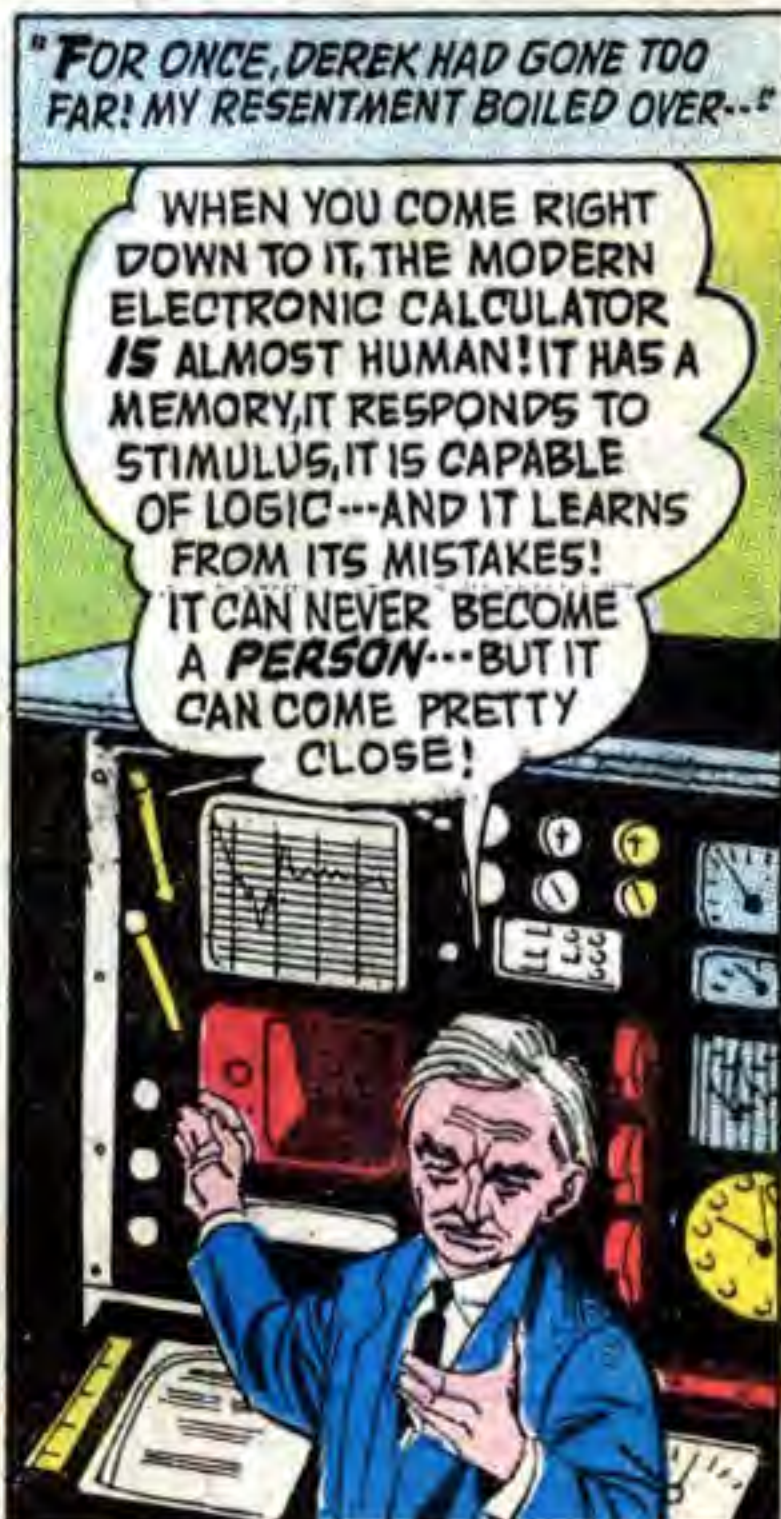
"OH, DEREK AND I WERE STILL FRIENDS, BUT THERE WERE TIMES WHEN I BEGAN TO RESENT HIM! FOR ME, HIS HUMOROUS QUIPS HAD HIDDEN BARBS..."

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, PHINEAS, YOU TALK ABOUT THOSE CALCULATORS OF YOURS AS IF THEY WERE **PEOPLE**! ALL THE CARE AND DEVOTION YOU LAVISH ON THOSE MACHINES... AND WHAT DO YOU GET IN RETURN?



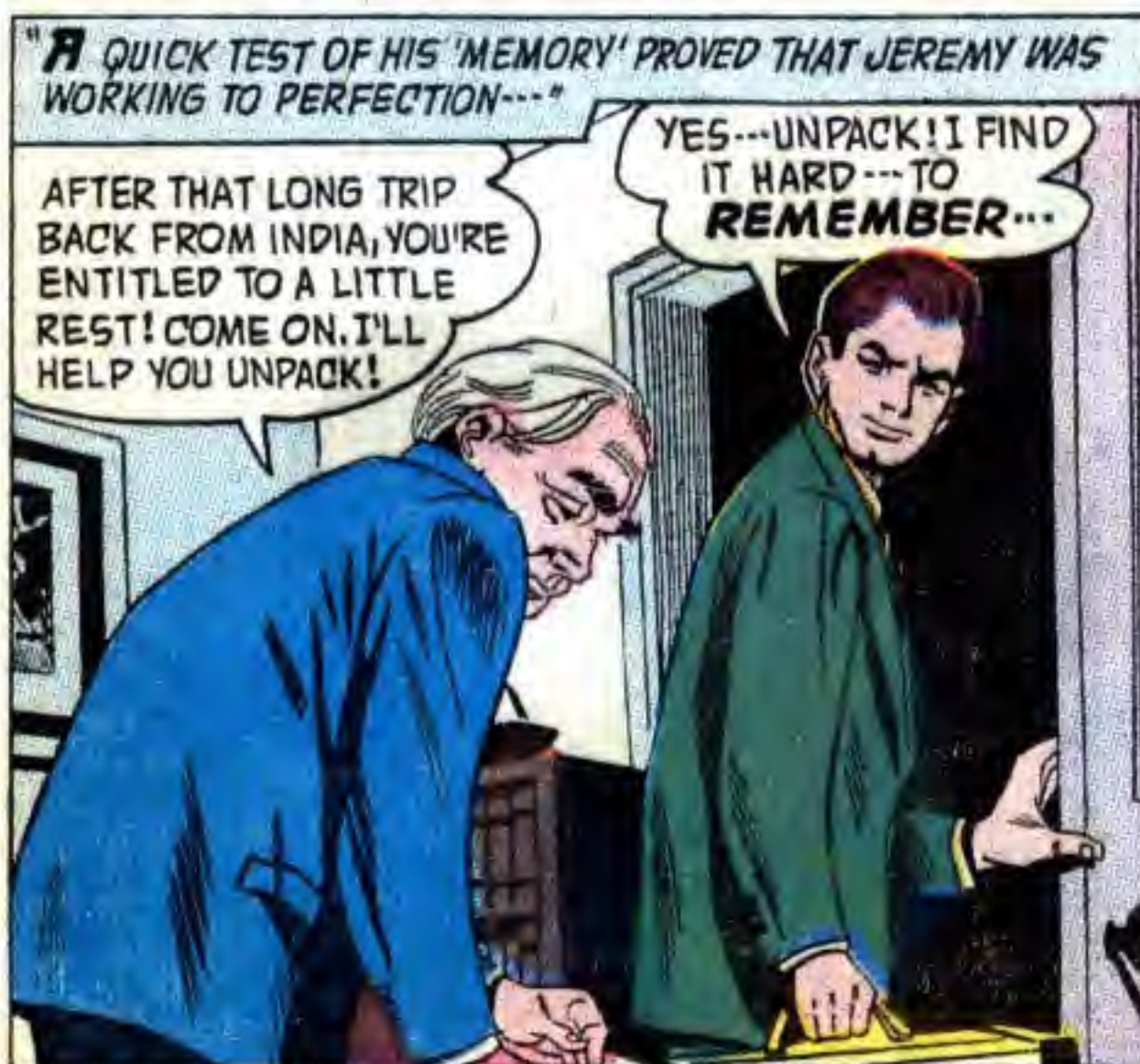
A LONELY OLD AGE... WITHOUT THE LOVE AND AFFECTION OF A FAMILY! SURROUNDED BY ELECTRONIC ROBOTS...

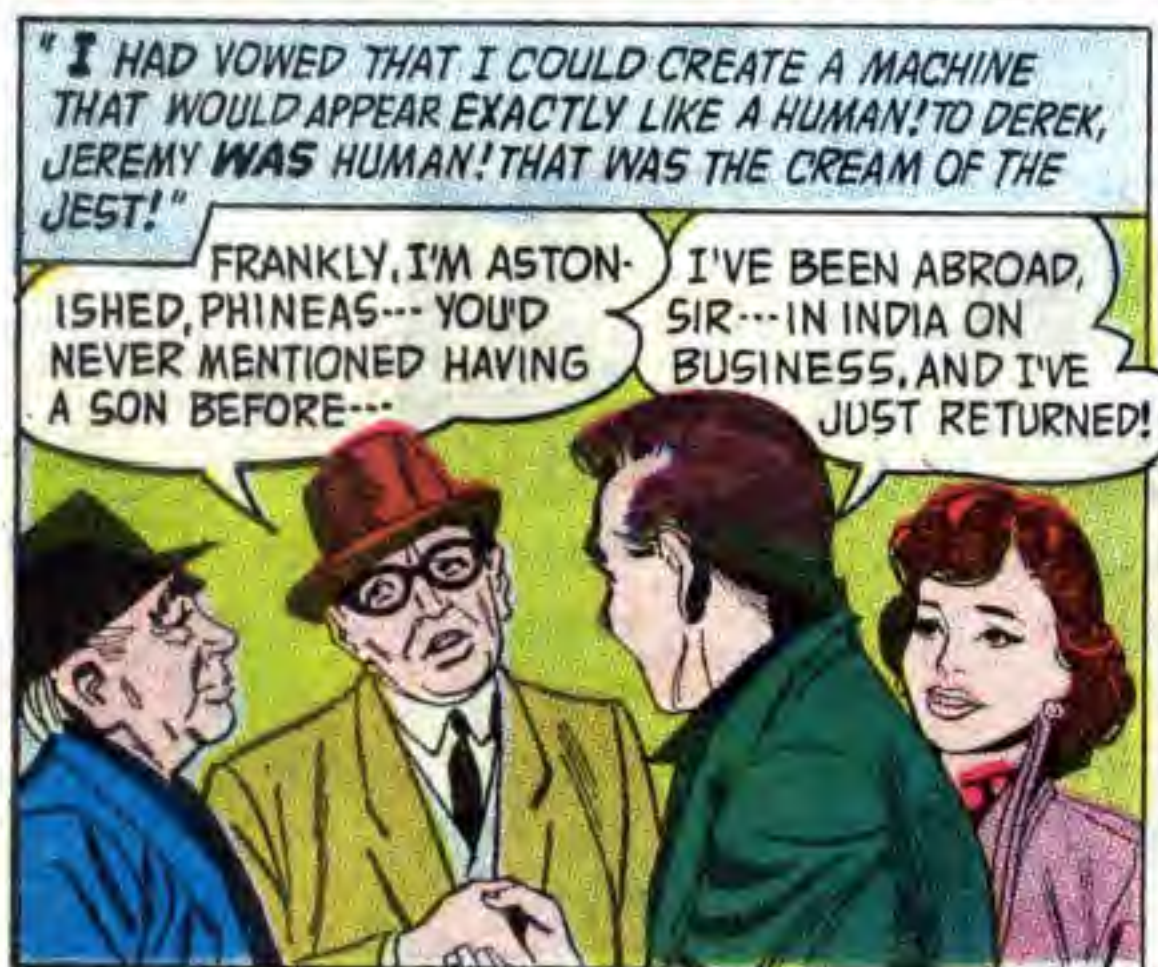
NOW, HOLD **ON** THERE, DEREK!



"FOR ONCE, DEREK HAD GONE TOO FAR! MY RESENTMENT BOILED OVER..."

WHEN YOU COME RIGHT DOWN TO IT, THE MODERN ELECTRONIC CALCULATOR **IS** ALMOST HUMAN! IT HAS A MEMORY, IT RESPONDS TO STIMULUS, IT IS CAPABLE OF LOGIC... AND IT LEARNS FROM ITS MISTAKES! IT CAN NEVER BECOME A **PERSON**... BUT IT CAN COME PRETTY CLOSE!

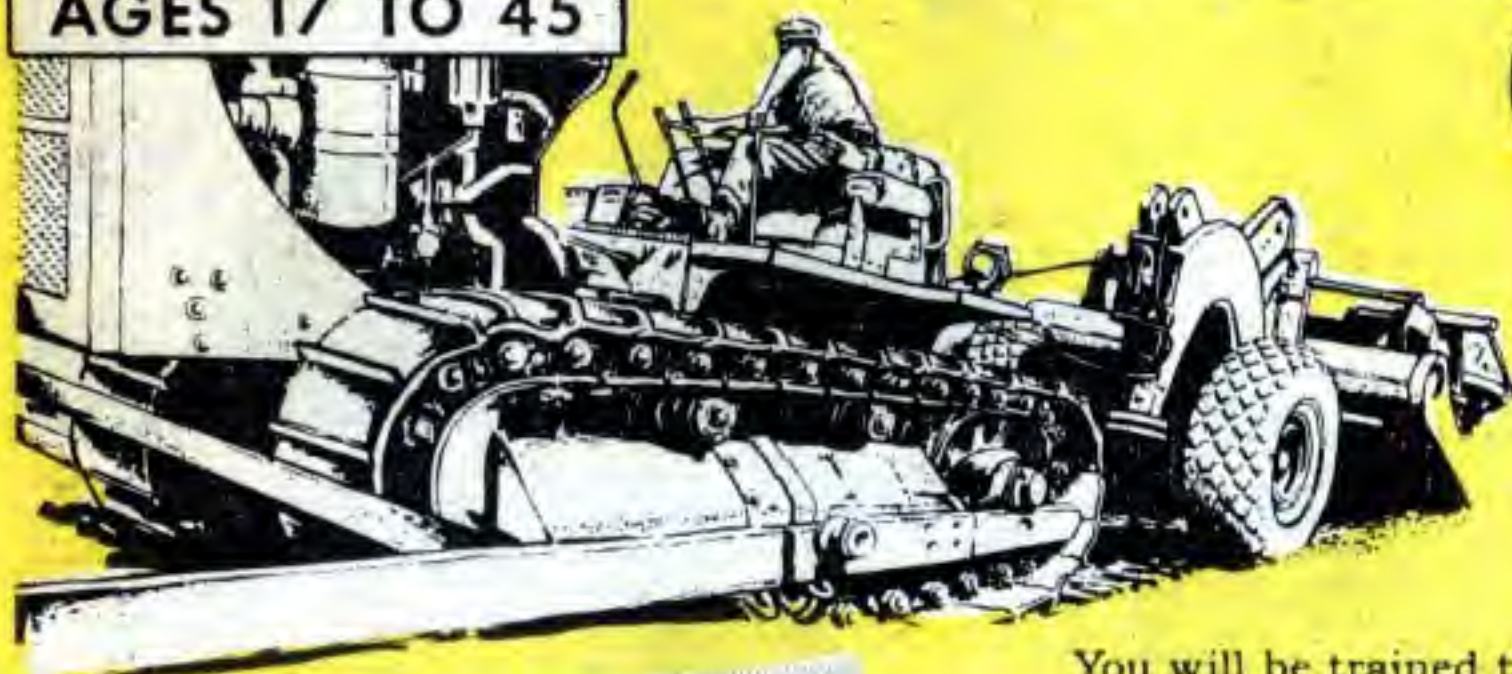




(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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"IT WAS EVE I WAS WORRIED ABOUT, OF COURSE...FOR HOW COULD SHE KNOW THAT HE WAS AN UNFEELING ROBOT?"

STRANGE THAT I FEEL NO ATTRACTION TOWARDS HER! DO YOU THINK...I SHOULD?

IT'S THE GENERAL THING... BUT IT'S NOTHING FOR **YOU** TO THINK ABOUT, JEREMY!

"BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING I HADN'T RECKONED WITH... HIS DESIRE TO BE LIKE OTHERS! HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE DIFFERENT..."

IF ONLY I FELT MORE **HUMAN!** SOMETIMES I FEEL...LIKE I'M NOT LIKE OTHER PEOPLE! BUT EVE'S GOOD FOR ME...HER CHATTER, HER LAUGHS...

EVE? I SEE! WELL, DON'T COME BACK TOO LATE, SON!

"I WAS CONFUSED AND ANNOYED BY MY MIXED EMOTIONS. I HAD BEGUN TO ENJOY JEREMY'S COMPANIONSHIP, AND RESENTED THE TIME HE SPENT WITH EVE GORDON."

BUT WHY SHOULD I FEEL JEALOUS? HE'S ONLY A **MACHINE, A ROBOT!**

ANYWAY, SHE CAN MEAN NOTHING TO HIM!

"AND THEN, ONE DAY...DISASTER STRUCK!"

DAD, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU...EVE HAS CONFESSED THAT SHE'S IN LOVE WITH ME...

IN LOVE... WITH YOU? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

"ALL AT ONCE, MY BRAIN WAS SPINNING IN A TURMOIL OF FURIOUS JEALOUSY. JEREMY WAS **MINE**...THE ONLY THING THAT I'D EVER LOVED, THE ONLY FAMILY I HAD..."

BUT ISN'T IT... **USUAL** IN THIS SOCIETY? I COULD BE LIKE OTHERS! WHY IS IT... IMPOSSIBLE?

I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM! HE MUST KNOW THE TRUTH... IT'S THE ONLY WAY.

"IT TOOK ALL THE COURAGE I HAD TO TELL JEREMY THE FACTS! BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT THE TERRIFIC REACTION THAT SHOWED HOW CLOSE TO HUMAN I HAD BUILT HIM..."

SO YOU SEE, YOU'RE NOT LIKE EVE...OR THE REST OF US. YOU'RE AN AUTOMATON...AN ANDROID...A MACHINE IN HUMAN FORM!

BUT I...I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT. HOW COULD I WALK, TALK, SEE THINGS, REACT AS I DO IF...IF I WEREN'T A...A REAL PERSON...? PLEASE, YOU CAN'T TELL ME THAT...

JEREMY, WHAT I'M GOING TO DO IS CRUEL, BUT IT'S NECESSARY. IT WAS I WHO CREATED YOU...AND I'M GOING TO **PROVE** IT NOW!



HERE THEY ARE--- THE PLANS AND DIAGRAMS OF THE CIRCUITS THAT I BUILT INTO YOU ---THE BEHAVIOR PATTERNS, THE MEMORY BANKS---



"AS HE STARED AT ME IN DISBELIEF..."

YES, JEREMY, YOU ARE THE MOST AMAZING MACHINE EVER DEvised! YOUR BRAIN AND BODY ARE CAPABLE OF MILLIONS OF REACTIONS EACH SECOND---

BUT---WITH ALL THAT, I'M NOT A HUMAN---IS THAT IT? THAT EXPLAINS ---WHY I'VE GOT NO REAL FEELINGS---



"FRUSTRATION! IT CAN DRIVE EVEN A MACHINE TO BERSERK REACTION. THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGELY MECHANICAL IN THE WAY JEREMY DROVE FORWARD..."

THE PLANS!-- GIVE-ME-THOSE- PLANS!--

NO! NO!



"THAT ODD CLICKING--- THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF RELAYS FIGHTING EACH OTHER, ROBBING A ROBOT'S BEHAVIOR OF ALL NORMAL DIRECTION..."

I SHALL---DESTROY THEM---NEVER GIVE YOU---OPPORTUNITY TO DO--- THIS TERRIBLE THING--- AGAIN---



"HE BACKED AWAY, NOT SEEING THE LAMP OR THE EXTENSION CORD UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE..."

WATCH OUT!



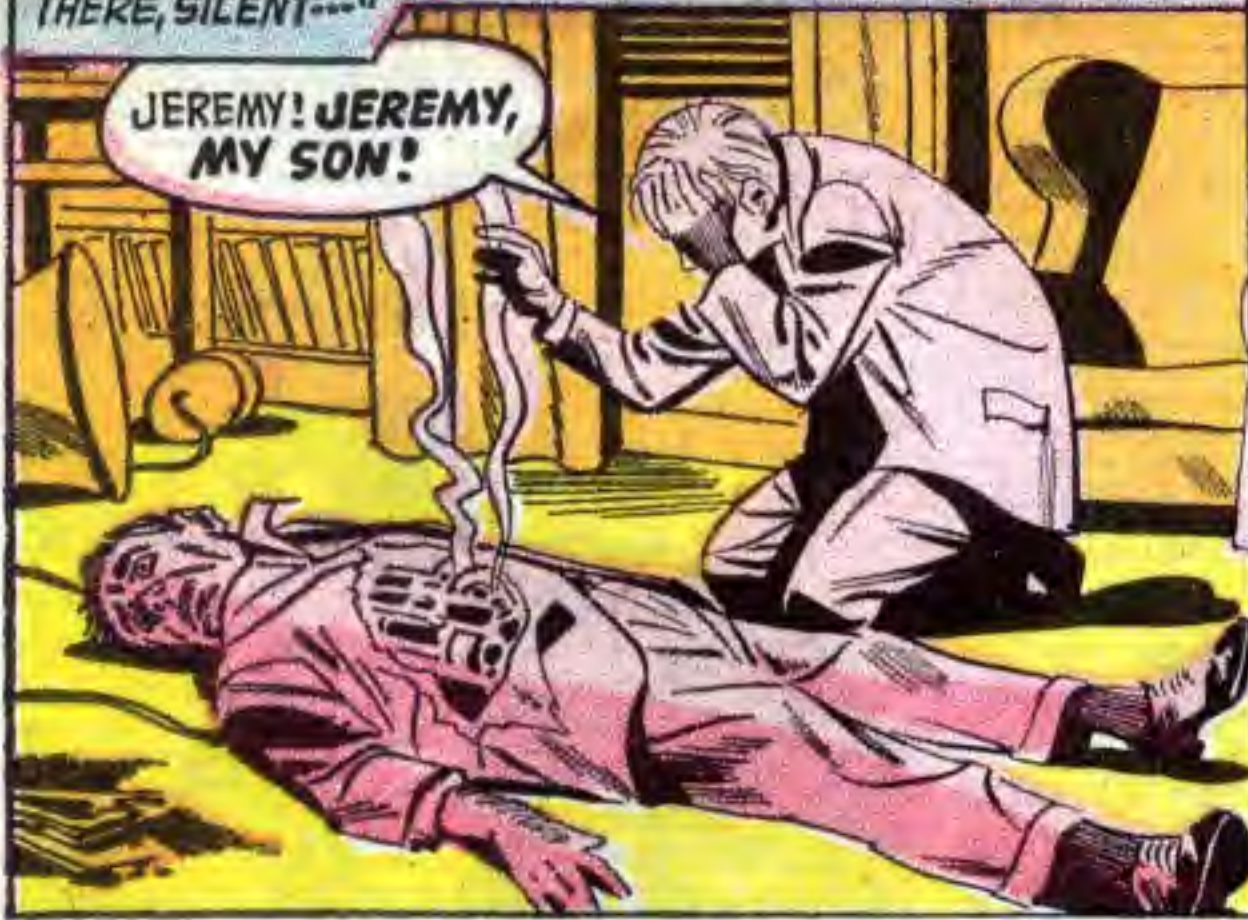
"THERE WAS A FLARE OF LIGHT AS THE ELECTRIC BULB SMASHED UPON THE FLOOR ---A CRACKLE OF FLAME SEARING DEEP INTO INFLAMMABLE PLASTIC..."

OH-HHH...

CRASH!

"ONE SEARING CRY AND THEN IT WAS OVER! JEREMY LAY THERE, SILENT--"

JEREMY! JEREMY,
MY SON!



"YES, THIS SMOKING MASS OF WIRE AND INSULATION, THESE FUSED AND MELTED CIRCUITS HAD BECOME MORE TO ME THAN I DREAMED. JEREMY WAS MY CREATION, PART OF MY VERY BEING! MY SON!"



I---I'LL FIX EVERYTHING,
JEREMY---YOU'LL SEE!
I'LL BRING YOU BACK
TO WHAT YOU
WERE---



"BUT EVEN THAT HOPE WAS
DENIED ME, FOR THERE ON
THE FLOOR--"

THE PLANS!
BURNED---DESTROYED
---I'LL **NEVER** BE
ABLE TO REBUILD
HIM!



THAT WAS ALL THREE WEEKS
AGO, OFFICER. NOW EACH
DAY, EVE COMES HERE PLEAD-
ING WITH ME FOR NEWS OF
THE MAN SHE LOVED! WHAT
CAN I SAY TO HER? HOW
CAN I EXPLAIN THAT JEREMY
WAS ONLY A **MECHANICAL**
MAN---INCAPABLE OF RETURN-
ING HER LOVE?



I CAN NEVER REPAIR HIM AGAIN, I KNOW THAT
NOW. THE SHOCK OF LOSING HIM WAS TOO GREAT
--- I HAVE FORGOTTEN TOO MANY THINGS! HE WAS
THE ONE CREATURE THAT I EVER CARED FOR--AND
NOW HE IS **GONE FOREVER!**



THEY LEFT HIM THEN---A HEARTBROKEN OLD MAN
WORKING HOPELESSLY WITH BUMBLING FINGERS---
TRYING VAINLY TO RE-CREATE THE **THING CALLED**
JEREMY!



The
END!

CARBIDE CANNON

BIG
FLASH!
BIG
BOOM!



SOUNDS LIKE DYNAMITE
BLAST! BRILLIANT FLASH !!

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JULY 4TH NOISEMAKER, STARTING GUN,
CELEBRATIONS, ETC. SAFE. NO RECOIL.
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ORDER NOW! Send only \$1.00 for each collection of 40 cars.
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MAIL TODAY FOR PROMPT DELIVERY!

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114 E. 32 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I can't wait to see if these model cars are all you say they
are. Enclosed please find \$..... in check ☐, money
order ☐, cash ☐, for sets of MODEL CARS each
at \$1 plus 25c for postage and handling per set. If I am
disappointed in the slightest, I will send them back to you
for refund as per your guarantee. (Sorry, No. C.O.D.'s)

Name

Address

City Zone State

THEY'LL *Never* BELIEVE ME!



THEY SAY IT HAPPENED AT GENEVA AT THE LAST MEETING OF THE **INTERNATIONAL ROCKET SOCIETY**! KEVIN ROARK WAS INTERVIEWING ONE OF THE DELEGATES...

THEN IT IS YOUR BELIEF THAT THESE FLYING SAUCERS ARE THE **REAL THING**?

I'M **CERTAIN** OF IT! WE'RE BEING OBSERVED BY CREATURES FROM OTHER PLANET! I'M CONVINCED THEY'VE CONTACTED PEOPLE HERE ON EARTH...



THAT NIGHT, KEVIN GLIMPSED A LIGHT IN THE CONVENTION HALL...

A MEETING THIS LATE AT NIGHT? I THINK I'D BETTER CHECK ON IT...THERE MAY BE A NEWS STORY HERE!



AS HE APPROACHED THE DOORS OF THE MEETING ROOM, KEVIN COULD HEAR THE STRANGE WORDS...

...AND YOU MAY ASSURE YOUR LEADERS THAT YOUR SECRET WILL BE KEPT UNTIL THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH ARE **READY** FOR IT!

GENTLEMEN, WE THANK YOU! AND NOW WITH YOUR PERMISSION WE MUST LEAVE... OUR PLANET IS WAITING FOR THIS MESSAGE!



A MOMENT LATER, THE DOORS SWUNG OPEN AND...

GREAT HEAVENS!

EXCUSE ME!



KEVIN RACED AFTER THEM, BUT THEY WERE TOO SWIFT! HE WAS LEFT GAPING AT THE CURB...

HEY, **WAIT** A MINUTE! I'M FROM THE **PRESS**! HOW ABOUT AN INTERVIEW?

SORRY, WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE! OUR TRANSPORTATION AWAITS US!



EVEN AS HE HURRIED ACROSS TOWN TOWARDS THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE, KEVIN FROZE IN HIS TRACKS... AS HE WATCHED A SHOOTING STAR SWOOP SWIFTLY SKYWARD!

THEY'RE GONE...IT'S TOO LATE! I CAN NEVER WRITE THE STORY NOW! **THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME!**



The END!



So, all you "Adventures Into The Unknown" fans, you'd like to know about the folks who put out your favorite magazine! This month, we'll tell you a bit about Jonathan Burns, one of whose stories you'll find represented in this issue. The first we heard of him was when he sent in a story to us from a hospital. It was awful, and we rejected it. Six months later came a second story, from another hospital and a year later a third, from still another hospital. Again rejects, but there wasn't any discouraging him. More and more stories came in, each from a hospital in a different location. Finally we wrote to him and advised him to stick to his job as a hospital worker and leave the writing to the professionals. Then we got a letter which explained everything. It seems that Jonathan wasn't working in those hospitals—he was a patient in each case. It seems that at different times, he had fractured both arms, both legs, his nose, jaw and innumerable ribs. There were also concussions and burns aplenty. Jonathan was a racing car driver and all these mishaps were risks of the trade. There's not much to do while waiting to heal in a hospital, and so Jonathan read comic magazines. He liked ours, and decided he'd try to write for us. "You see," said Jonnie, "one of these days I'm gonna get it bad. If I'm still living, I'll have to quit racing and I'm planning a new career. You fellas are elected!" What are you going to do when a guy's got guts like that? We gave him pointers, coached him, nursed him along. Finally he clicked, and he hasn't stopped clicking since. If you think he ought to quit racing and make a fulltime career out of writing comics, write and tell us. Tell us what you think of our magazine, too. Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Here are some interesting letters we've received lately:

"Dear Editor:—

'Adventures Into The Unknown' is great! But every time I read of some reader raving over 'Professor Kincaid's Theory', I bawl because I haven't read it. I'd appreciate it a lot if you'd send me the copy it appeared in, if it isn't too much trouble—I'll pay whatever it costs. The stories I liked most were: 'The Return of Dr. Maritain', 'Pipe Dream', 'The Morrison Mystery', 'The Men Who Cried Monster', 'Last Of The Tree People'. It would take me hours to write them down, so just let me say that if you are still publishing when I'm 40 years old, I'll keep buying. An everlasting fan—

—Bob Updegraff, Des Moines, Iowa"

We wish that we had the back issue you want, but it was a complete sellout. But if we should ever come across a copy, it's yours!

"Dear Editor:—

I have never written to any magazine before, as hardly any of them is worth the effort. But the other day, I picked up a new and different comics magazine. It was 'Adventures Into The Unknown', of course. It's so good I just couldn't help writing in and telling you what I thought of issue No. 106, March. I especially liked 'The Men Who Cried Monster'. Please give us many more stories by Bob Standish. He's tops as a writer. I also liked 'The Return of Dr. Maritain'. It was one of the best stories that I or anyone else I know of could ever read. But I have one beef—'Riddle From Outer Space'. That was too—well, like other comic stories I read ordinarily. Also, how in high heavens could Flann and his crew go without a space suit. Even 2nd graders know this is impossible. But on the whole, you're doing a swell job. A fan forever and ever—

—Mary Gregerson, Granite Falls, Minn."

Bob certainly did come through on that yarn, didn't he? As far as "Riddle" was concerned, we're sorry you didn't go for it.

"Dear Editor:—

'Adventures Into The Unknown' was so good I couldn't wait a second longer—I just had to write and tell you so. Those cranks that write in just to get their letters printed are nuts, although I am glad you print them to show how stupid, inconsiderate and silly they are. I've just finished reading issue No. 106 and it was terrific. Especially 'The Men Who Cried Monster' and 'The Return Of Dr. Maritain'. 'Riddle From Outer Space' was not too hot, though. Please, tell me, are any of your stories true? At the end of 'Dr. Maritain', it showed his children looking six or seven years old, but how could they if Dr. Maritain had been down there for two years? All in all, it was a good story, but just a little too sad. If you print this, please don't chew me out too much. I just love 'Let's Talk It Over'—and I've already told you how I feel about 'Forbidden Worlds'!

—Tommy Toles, Menlo, Georgia"

Generally, our stories are fiction, Tommy—darned fascinating fiction, we like to think! We wouldn't chew you out even if you'd given us a going-over, as long as we thought you were sincere about it. You're wrong about detecting a flaw in the ending of the Dr. Maritain yarn. The last panel took place years later, when poor Maritain imagined a return to his loved ones, who'd be considerably older by then.

"Dear Editor:—

Bob's 'Men Who Cried Monster' was an example of a trite plot repeated with little variation and no point. I suggest he might have spent less of his childhood in reading comics and more in reading 'adventure' in

books, newspapers and current journals. I think your magazine tends to be the best in its class, which, unfortunately, does not make it always or even usually worthwhile reading. Sincerely—

—Solon Finkelstein, New York, N. Y."

We disagree with you 103 percent, Solon. We know story trends and a trite plot telegraphs itself a mile off. This most definitely wasn't one of them. Don't you think you are being a bit too superior? Our function is to entertain, and our readers feel we're doing it, thank the Lord. We're going to keep on doing our level best to present challenging, actionful stories—even if they are not necessarily aimed at college professors.

"Dear Editor:—

'Adventures Into The Unknown' may get some clinkers at times, but you more than make up for it with the great stories that come along with them. I've been reading your magazine since long before I entered the service, and I still enjoy it. I enjoyed the story 'The Men Who Cried Monster' and 'The Return Of Dr. Maritain' in your March issue. I also enjoy your short yarns. They have a fascinating attraction to them. I've never written to a magazine, so I don't know how this one will go over, but I had to write and let you know my opinions. The fellows over here really enjoy reading your magazine. If it wasn't for the Snack Bar over here in Germany, a lot of fellow G.I.'s would be out of luck. They would never see 'Adventures Into The Unknown' on sale there, and wouldn't know what they were missing! A loyal fan—

Pvt. David E. Kenna,
24th Military Police, Augsburg, Germany"

Swell of you to write, David. It makes us feel good to know that you fellows in the Services are getting a charge out of our magazine!

"Dear Editor:—

I've just finished reading issue No. 106 of 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. I thought that 'The Men Who Cried Monster', 'The Return of Dr. Maritain' and 'The Thing In The Tube', were all very good stories. But if you're going to print stories like 'The Man Who Knew' or 'Riddle From Outer Space', I'd just as soon not buy the book, although I think you've got the best comic in the field. I also think you've got first rate illustration.

Michael Davis, Chapel Hill, N. C."

All in all, it looks as if there's a pretty heavy vote against "Riddle From Outer Space" and many might feel that we erred in running it. However, we disagree, even if we are in the minority. There was nothing wrong, we feel, in the story itself. However, it was one lousy job of illustration—and bad drawing got in the way of a story that might have worked out fine if our artist had done the job he should have.

"Dear Editor:—

We read our first 'Adventures Into The Unknown' about a year ago, and we've been reading it ever since. We really think it's

the cookingest! We know your magazine isn't perfect, but it is pretty hep. We don't like the way some of the cats stab you in the back for no good reason everytime you make a mistake, even though you welcome criticism and suggestions. We especially liked 'The Golden Doom' and 'Orango The Mighty'. We enjoy all of your stories, but we especially liked these. We would like to suggest that you get some volunteer teenagers to read over your magazine to check for minor, but important mistakes and improve it a little more. It might cut down on some criticism. Meanwhile, keep up the good work!

Two Teen-Agers, Goose Bay, Labrador"

That's an interesting suggestion—the Teen-Age Associate Editors, that is! What do you other readers think about the idea?

"Dear Editor:—

For a long time, I've wanted to write and compliment you on your two great books—'Adventures Into The Unknown' and 'Forbidden Worlds'. The reason I haven't done so before is that I felt uncomfortable about being the first Spanish-speaking person to break the ice. But I'm tired of waiting and I don't care anymore if I am the first of my race. Not all your stories are perfect, but every living soul makes mistakes once in awhile. And I'll appreciate your books even more if you put in a little more romance every now and then. From a Puerto Rico fan—

Hilda Garcia, Bronx, N. Y."

It was nice hearing from you, Hilda. You shouldn't have hesitated about being the first—it's a distinction and you should be proud of it. About romance—well, we're not so sure. We feel that most of our fans would prefer us to concentrate on amazing and exciting stories.

"Dear Editor:—

'Adventures Into The Unknown' is the greatest science fiction comic there is. You are tops. Anybody who says you're not is nuts. I've just gotten your No. 106 issue and it's great. I also have your No. 100. 'The Head Man' was magnificent. But I have one complaint—'Nothing Ever Happens To Halloran' was too dull and I think it was a pretty bad story. And now for one more thing. I like your 'Let's Talk It Over' department. It gives readers a chance to express their preferences, to say what they like and what they don't like. But you'll get no complaints from me (except that one) on your great comic, 'Adventures Into The Unknown'.

Bruce Johnston, Cheektowaga, N. Y."

If this is your only criticism, Bruce, we're getting off easy. We don't quite agree with you on the Halloran yarn, which we thought pretty entertaining . . . but why quibble? You're entitled to your own opinion and could be that you're right and we're wrong. But you'll find no disagreement on "The Head Man", which we consider to be the only story that can successfully challenge "There's A New Moon Tonight", the famous space story that appeared in our "Forbidden Worlds" over a year ago.

HERE IT IS --- THE STRANGE
STORY OF ADAM MALLOR AND ---

The **PIPES** of **PAN!**

STORY:-
BOB STANDISH
ART:-
JOHN BUSCEMA



IN A REMOTE CORNER OF THE
NEAR EAST, THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL
EXPEDITION OF STAFFORD UNIVER-
SITY WAS FINISHING ITS WORK ---

WELL, ADAM, THE
RUINS OF THIS
TEMPLE ARE
ALMOST COMPLETE
--- EXCEPT FOR THE
STATUE MISSING
FROM THAT
PEDESTAL!

IT'S JUST A
MATTER OF
TIME UNTIL
WE FIND THE
MISSING
FIGURE,
PROFESSOR
GAYNOR!

JUST THEN A SHOUT ECHOED FROM
THE NEARBY DIGGINGS ---

QUICKLY, PROFESSOR,
WE HAVE FOUND
SOMETHING --- A
STATUE!

COME
ON! THIS
COULD BE
WHAT WE
WERE WAIT-
ING FOR!

SLOWLY IT EMERGED FROM
THE EARTH ---

WHAT...
WHAT
IS IT?



AS THE ONLOOKERS STARED, THE STONY LIPS SEEMED TO SMILE...

WELL, DON'T JUST **STAND** THERE... LOWER THAT STATUE!

THERE'S SOMETHING... STRANGE ABOUT IT...



EVEN AS THE IMAGE CAME TO REST, AN UNDERCURRENT OF RESTLESSNESS TOUCHED THE NEARBY BEASTS OF BURDEN...

THE ANIMALS! SOMETHING HAS FRIGHTENED THEM!

GET OUT OF THE WAY, PROFESSOR... THEY'RE OUT OF CONTROL!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT, THE BEASTS ERUPTED IN A MAD STAMPEDE!

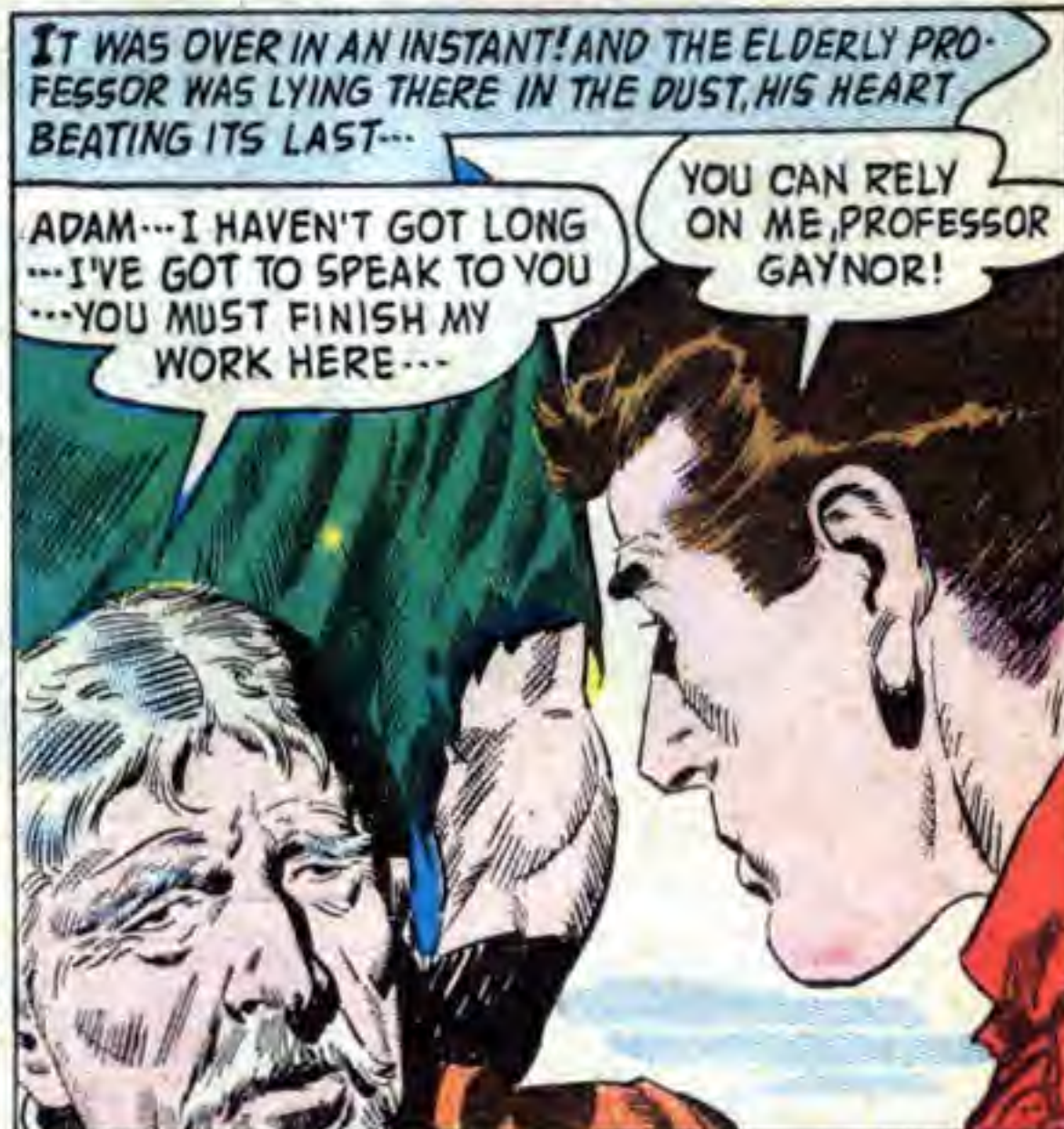
WHINNEEEE!



IT WAS OVER IN AN INSTANT! AND THE ELDERLY PROFESSOR WAS LYING THERE IN THE DUST, HIS HEART BEATING ITS LAST...

ADAM... I HAVEN'T GOT LONG... I'VE GOT TO SPEAK TO YOU... YOU MUST FINISH MY WORK HERE...

YOU CAN RELY ON ME, PROFESSOR GAYNOR!



THAT IMAGE... IT'S THE STATUE OF THE **GREAT GOD PAN!** HIS CULT WAS ONCE SUPREME HERE... IN THIS PART OF THE NEAR EAST...

IT'S A SPLENDID PIECE OF SCULPTURE, SIR! MANY A COLLECTOR WOULD PAY A FORTUNE FOR IT BACK IN THE STATES!



EVEN IN HIS LAST MOMENTS, THE OLD MAN SAW THE EAGER EXPRESSION IN ADAM MALLOR'S EYES...

ADAM, **NO!** YOU **CAN'T** TAKE THAT STATUE! WE PROMISED THE AUTHORITIES TO... RECONSTRUCT THE TEMPLE... TO LEAVE EVERYTHING WHERE WE FOUND IT...

PROFESSOR. LET'S BE LOGICAL...



THE OLD PROFESSOR WAS WEAKENING FAST... BUT WHILE HE STILL LIVED...

THAT STATUE... IT MUST REMAIN HERE... THE TEMPLE WOULD BE INCOMPLETE WITHOUT IT! ADAM, YOU ARE A SCIENTIST, NOT A DEALER! YOU MUST LISTEN... LISTEN...





HE IS **DEAD**,
THE OLD ONE!
IT WAS THAT
OLD STATUE
THAT'S RESPON-
SIBLE!

DON'T BE A
FOOL! HOW COULD
A PIECE OF STONE
BE HELD RESPON-
SIBLE FOR THE
PROFESSOR'S
DEATH? YOU ALL
SAW HOW IT
HAPPENED!



YES, **WE SAW!** THE
MOMENT THAT THING
OF STONE AROSE
FROM THE EARTH,
THE ANIMALS WERE
SEIZED BY
FEAR...

LET US PUT
THAT ANCIENT
IMAGE ON ITS
PEDESTAL AND
LEAVE THIS
PLACE!



ADAM MALLOR LOOKED INTO THE
STONE FACE--LOOKED DEEP--

DO THEY THINK I'M FOOL ENOUGH
TO LEAVE THAT STATUE **HERE?**
I'M NOT IN THIS GAME FOR MY
HEALTH--THAT STONE CARVING
CAN BRING ME A **FORTUNE!**



THAT VERY AFTERNOON, HE ORDERED THE EXPEDITION
TO HEAD FOR THE NEAREST PORT--

I ASK THE YOUNG EXCELLENCY'S
PARDON-- BUT IT WAS A FOOLISH
THING TO TAKE THE IMAGE WITH
US! WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT IT AT
THE TEMPLE! THE THING
WILL BRING US NOTHING
BUT BAD LUCK!

BAH! DON'T
TALK TO ME
ABOUT YOUR SILLY
SUPERSTITIONS!



BUT IT WAS MORE THAN JUST SUPERSTITION! ALL DAY
LONG, THEY FOUGHT TO CONTROL THE HORSES! FOR
SOME UNKNOWN REASON, THEY WERE ALMOST
IMPOSSIBLE TO MANAGE--

THERE IS NO QUIETING
THEM, EXCELLENCY!
THEY REFUSE TO PULL
THE WAGONS ANY
FURTHER!

VERY WELL, WE WILL
CAMP HERE BY THE
SIDE OF THE ROAD!



THAT NIGHT, THE SLEEPING CAMP WAS AWAKENED
BY AN ODD PIPING THAT SHRILLED ACROSS THE
ANCIENT HILLS--

THAT NOISE! IT
SOUNDS LIKE A
FLUTE!

IT'S MORE LIKE A PIPE
---THE KIND OF PIPE
THAT SHEPHERDS
USE!

TWEEEEE!



THEY THOUGHT THEY SAW IT THEN--A
HUGE SHAPE IN THE DARKNESS--

LOOK THERE!
THERE IN THE
MOON-
LIGHT!

MAY THE
SAINTS
GUARD
US!

AT THAT INSTANT, THE PIPES SOUNDED AGAIN---THE SHEPHERD'S PIPES!
AND LIKE SHEEP, THEY FLED---

I---I THINK
IT'S AFTER
US---

IT WAS MORNING BEFORE THEY FOUND THE
COURAGE TO STRUGGLE BACK TO CAMP---

IT WAS A **BEAST** THAT
CHASED US, I TELL YOU!
I COULD HEAR THE
HOOFB DRUMMING
BEHIND US!

THEY'RE MAD!
---ALL OF THEM!
AND I LET THEIR
SUPERSTITIOUS
MADNESS
AFFECT ME
TOO, FOOL THAT
I AM!

AT THE EDGE OF CAMP, ADAM SAW THE TELL-TALE
HOOFPRINTS---

CLOVEN FEET!
I WONDER---

CLOVEN HOOFB---THE GREAT
GOD PAN HAD THE CLOVEN
HOOFB OF A GOAT! AND
HE PLAYED THE
PIPES, TOO---

LAST NIGHT THAT STATUE WAS WELL WRAPPED
IN CANVAS, BUT NOW---NO! I MUSTN'T LET MY
IMAGINATION GET THE BEST OF ME!

THAT WHOLE EPISODE WAS JUST AN
HALLUCINATION! I'M TIRED, OVERWORKED
---I'LL HAVE THAT STATUE CRATED!

YET HE COULDN'T THRUST WHAT HAD HAPPENED FROM HIS MIND! WHEN HE SLEPT, HE SAW THAT FACE...



AND WHEN AT LAST THEY ARRIVED AT THEIR DESTINATION, PORT LEVANTO, IT WAS AS IF THE SAME THING WAS TAKING PLACE...

WHO ARE THESE MEN? WHAT IS IT THEY CARRY IN THEIR WAGONS THAT FRIGHTENS OUR ANIMALS SO?

THEY HAVE BROUGHT SOMETHING STRANGE HERE... I KNOW IT!



AS IF FROM NOWHERE CAME THE SKIRL OF PIPES! THE SHRILL MUSIC SENT A SURGE OF UNEASE THROUGH THE STREETS...

IT IS SOME KIND OF WARNING!

A WARNING OF DANGER!

WHOO-EEEE!



IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, PANIC SEIZED THE PEOPLE OF LEVANTO...

IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE!

IT'S A FLOOD!

RUN! EVERYBODY RUN!



ADAM DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT! HE WANTED TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY, GET A LOGICAL EXPLANATION...

THESE PEOPLE... THEY SAY THEY HEARD THE SOUND OF PIPES... AND SUDDENLY, THEY BECAME FRIGHTENED...

THE SOUND OF PIPES... LIKE WE HEARD! I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S THAT STATUE!

FOOLS, HOW CAN A STATUE COME TO LIFE? STOP ANNOYING ME WITH YOUR STUPID SUPERSTITIONS!



BUT MOMENTS LATER, ADAM MALLOR GLIMPSED SOMETHING THAT MADE HIM QUESTION HIS OWN WORDS...

THE CRATE... IT'S BEEN BROKEN OPEN!



SOMEHOW, HE FORCED DOWN HIS MISGIVINGS! THAT NIGHT, HE SLIPPED ABOARD A SMALL TRAMP STEAMER AND---

YOU UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN? THIS CRATE I SPEAK OF--- IT MUST BE LOADED ABOARD CAREFULLY---AND PUT IN A SAFE, SECURE PLACE---

I'LL SEE THAT IT'S DONE, MR. MALLOR!



AND SO IT WAS LOADED ABOARD THE SHIP---THIS ODD STATUE WITH THE LAUGHING FACE---



JUST AS THE VESSEL SET SAIL, THE HIGH SOUND OF PIPES TORE ACROSS THE DECKS---

✓ TUHWEEEE! ✓

THAT NOISE!

IT SEEMS TO COME FROM THE CARGO HOLD!



THEN CAME THAT STRANGE IMPULSE TO RUN---

IT'S SOME KIND OF WARNING! MAYBE WE'RE AFIRE---

NO, WE MUST HAVE STRUCK A ROCK! WE'RE GOING DOWN!

QUICK, EVERYONE, HEAD FOR THE BOATS!



IN THEIR FLIGHT, ADAM MALLOR WAS HURLED ACROSS THE DECK---

I'M GOING OVER! **HELP!**



BUT AS IF FROM NOWHERE, A HAND REACHED OUT AND---

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. MALLOR! YOU'RE SAFE NOW!

THANKS, CAPTAIN!



BUT THE CAPTAIN WAS ALREADY HALFWAY DOWN THE DECK, RACING TO HALT THE RUSH---

HALT! GET BACK FROM THE RAIL, YOU FOOLS!

CAREFUL! THAT GUN OF HIS---



IT WAS OVER AS QUICKLY AS IT STARTED! IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, THE CAPTAIN WAS TRACING THE CAUSE OF THE TUMULT---

THAT SOUND---IT WAS LIKE A WILD WIND IN OUR EARS! WE RAN FROM IT!

IT CAME FROM THE CARGO HOLD ON THE FORWARD DECK, SIR!



THE FORWARD HOLD---THAT'S WHERE WE STOWED THE CRATE **YOU** BROUGHT ABOARD, MR. MALLOR!

I---I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT---



BUT IN SPITE OF ADAM'S PROTESTS, THE CRATE WAS HAULED UP FOR INSPECTION---

IT---IT'S GOT **PIPES**---AND WASN'T THAT THE SOUND WE HEARD?

THAT'S RIGHT! THROW IT OVER-BOARD!



DESPERATE AT THE THOUGHT OF LOSING THE STATUE, ADAM PLEADED---

BUT THIS IS A STATUE OF **PAN**, GOD OF THE WOODLAND---THE PATRON OF FIELD, FOREST AND HERDS! HOW CAN YOU BLAME THE ACTIONS OF THE MEN ON THIS THING OF STONE?



I CAN UNDERSTAND IT ALL! MR. MALLOR, THAT DESIRE TO RUN THAT WE EXPERIENCED WAS WHAT THE ANCIENTS CALLED **PANIC**---THE STRANGE, UNREASONING FEELING INSPIRED BY THE **PIPES OF PAN!**

BUT CAPTAIN, YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN THOSE ANCIENT LEGENDS, DO YOU?



CALL IT A LEGEND IF YOU LIKE, BUT REMEMBER THAT FOR A THOUSAND YEARS, THIS STATUE HAD A TREMENDOUS FOLLOWING IN THE NEAR EAST! THERE ARE MANY THINGS WE CAN NEVER KNOW---LIKE THE ODD POWERS WHICH IT MAY HAVE POSSESSED!





MY FRIEND, I DO NOT KNOW WHERE YOU FOUND THIS IMAGE, BUT I BELIEVE IT WOULD BE WISE FOR YOU TO RETURN IT THERE!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, CAPTAIN! THIS STATUE HAS FANTASTIC VALUE!



VALUE? YOU HAD BETTER CALL IT **DANGER!** ALREADY IT ALMOST COST YOU YOUR LIFE! ANOTHER TIME YOU MAY NOT BE SO LUCKY!

I THINK I UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN---



ALL RIGHT, MISTER---I'M LICKED! **BACK YOU GO!**



IT IS OVER NOW! IN THAT LONELY WOODLAND GLADE, THE BLACK MARBLE IMAGE STANDS ONCE MORE ON ITS ANCIENT PEDESTAL---



BUT SOMETIMES, ON A STILL NIGHT, THE SOUND OF SHEPHERD PIPES IS HEARD UPON THE WIND! IT IS THEN THAT THE BEASTS OF THE WILD FLEE ---

♪ TOO WHEEEE ♪



FOR ONCE MORE, THE PIPES OF PAN SOUND THROUGH THE WOODLAND!

THE END!

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DARK JOURNEY

THE BOY'S CRY FILLED THE NIGHT. ONCE AGAIN, THE THING HE FEARED MOST OF ALL HAD HAPPENED---

MOMMY, DADDY! I'M AFRAID---

STORY:-
THOMAS R. DREW
ART:-
PAUL REINMAN



BUT THE STRANGE DREAM CONTINUED TO RECUR, EVEN WHEN ROBERT SIMMS HAD BECOME A GROWN MAN...



FINALLY, OUT OF DESPERATION, HE CONSULTED A DOCTOR...



AND SO, ROBERT SIMMS SOUGHT OUT THE HELP OF DOCTOR HARVEY CARTER, A RETIRED PSYCHIATRIST WHO ON OCCASION TREATED SPECIAL CASES AT HIS COUNTRY HOME...



HOWEVER, THERE IS NOTHING ALARMING ABOUT IT! RECURRENT DREAMS ARE MOST COMMON AND THEY CAN BE ELIMINATED ... IN YOUR CASE, WITHOUT TOO MUCH DIFFICULTY!



YES, AND THE CLUE, YOUNG MAN, LIES IN THE PERSISTENT VOICE! WHEN YOU NEXT HAVE THIS DREAM, PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE PLEA FOR HELP! THRUST IT FROM YOU, AND IN DOING SO YOU WILL HAVE SEVERED THE LINK THAT BINDS THIS DREAM TO YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS SELF!



THEN THE DREAM HAS NO SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE, DOCTOR?

NONE AT ALL, MY BOY! AND NOW I'LL DRIVE YOU TO THE DEPOT! WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY IF YOU'RE GOING TO GET THE LAST TRAIN BACK TO THE CITY!



THE RIDE WAS UNEVENTFUL UNTIL THEY REACHED A SMALL BRIDGE, WHEN SUDDENLY...



OH... OHH!



THERE WAS A BLINDING FLASH, THEN THE FAMILIAR DARKNESS...

I... I'M UNCONSCIOUS, AND I'M HAVING THE DREAM AGAIN! ONLY IT ISN'T EXACTLY THE SAME! IT'S DIFFERENT... BUT HOW...?



THEN THE MISSING PIECE DROPPED INTO PLACE...

HELP...
HELP!

THE VOICE, CALLING TO ME... BUT I MUSTN'T PAY ATTENTION TO IT! DOCTOR CARTER SAID I MUST IGNORE IT... BREAK ITS HOLD ON ME...



THEN CAME THE MOST SHOCKING PART OF ALL...

WHAT'S THIS? THE DREAM HAS CHANGED! I WAS ALWAYS ALONE, BUT HERE'S SOMEONE ELSE! WAS IT HIS VOICE I HEARD? PERHAPS HE DOES NEED MY HELP... PERHAPS...



WHAT FOLLOWED, ROBERTS SIMMS COULD NEVER FULLY EXPLAIN! THERE WAS NO CONSCIOUS AWARENESS, NOT UNTIL HE STAGGERED FROM THE WATER...

D... DOCTOR CARTER! HE WAS THE VOICE IN MY DREAM! IT WAS HE WHO CALLED OUT! BUT WAS IT A DREAM OR REAL... OR AM I STILL DREAMING...?



IT WAS A BIT LATER, WHEN DOCTOR CARTER HAD RECOVERED, THAT SOME SEMBLANCE OF AN EXPLANATION WAS OFFERED...

IT WAS NO DREAM, BUT REAL! WHEN WE CRASHED THROUGH THE RAILING, WE WERE THROWN INTO THE RIVER! IT WAS I WHO CALLED OUT FOR HELP, JUST AS IN YOUR DREAM, BUT IT WAS REALLY HAPPENING! AMAZING AS IT SOUNDS, YOUR DREAM CAME TRUE!



AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! IT WAS LIKE A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE...

EVEN AS A PSYCHIATRIST, I CAN'T TELL HOW THIS CAME TO BE! BUT I AM GRATEFUL TO ROBERT SIMMS THAT HE IGNORED MY ADVICE AND RESPONDED TO THE CRY FOR HELP! MIGHT I ALSO ADD THAT SINCE THAT DAY, HIS DREAM HAS NEVER RECURRED AGAIN!



The PLANT THAT REMEMBERED!



STORY:-
JONATHAN BURNS
ART:-
AL WENZEL

AT A LONELY MISSIONARY POST,
DEEP IN THE BACK-COUNTRY OF
THE AMAZON...

DOCTOR...
LOOK! BOAT
COMING WITH
WHITE MAN!

I CAN'T BLAME
THE POOR FELLOWS
FOR GETTING
EXCITED! THIS
IS THE FIRST
STRANGER
WE'VE SEEN
IN YEARS!

DR. MANNING,
I'M ROGER DENNIS!
I WAS TOLD IN RIO
THAT YOU'RE THE
GREATEST LIVING
AUTHORITY ON
THE INDIANS OF
THIS REGION!

LET'S SAY I'VE
BEEN THEIR
FRIEND, DENNIS
...FOR OVER
TWENTY YEARS!
THAT'S WHAT
COUNTS WITH
THESE PEOPLE!

AND YOU,
MR. DENNIS
...ARE YOU
INTERESTED
IN INDIANS?

NOT EXACTLY! I'LL BE
BLUNT WITH YOU... I'M
INTERESTED IN
GOLD! ACCORDING
TO A GOVERNMENT
SURVEY, THERE **SHOULD**
BE GOLD IN THIS AREA!
IF THAT'S TRUE, THE
NATIVES MUST HAVE
BEEN DIGGING IT
FOR CENTURIES...
AND I'VE WONDERED
IF YOU'VE SEEN
ANY SIGN OF
IT!



SUPPOSE I **HAVE** SEEN GOLD, DENNIS? THIS IS A CLOSED RESERVATION--- YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO DIG HERE ANYWAY!

BUT THERE MIGHT BE AN ORE-BEARING VEIN EXTENDING FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES---WHERE I **COULD** DIG! I WOULDN'T THINK OF INTRUDING **HERE**, DR. MANNING---ALL I WANT IS INFORMATION!



YES, THE NATIVES **HAVE** FOUND GOLD---EVEN THOUGH YOU'LL NOTICE THEY DON'T USE IT TO MAKE JEWELRY! GOLD TO THEM IS SOMETHING SACRED! FOR CENTURIES IT'S SERVED ONLY ONE PURPOSE---**WORSHIP!**



NO, DOCTOR---NO! DO NOT LET THIS STRANGER SEE OUR IDOL!

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM OUR FRIEND! HE WILL LOOK---AND GO AWAY!



I'VE NEVER SEEN A JUNGLE LIKE **THIS!** THIS THICK, TWITCHING GROWTH ALL AROUND US---IT DOESN'T EVEN SEEM LIKE **PLANTS!**

YOU'RE RIGHT, DENNIS! THIS **IS** A VERY STRANGE JUNGLE---AND YOU'LL SOON LEARN **WHY!**



CENTURIES PASS SLOWLY IN THE JUNGLE, DENNIS! THESE INDIANS HAD TIME TO DEVELOP A **SPECIAL KIND OF PLANT**---UNLIKE ANY OTHER IN THE WORLD!

YOU MEAN THAT BIG VINE? WHAT'S THE ANGLE?



AJUKA KOMMA-ROMM! OPEN---AND REVEAL OUR IDOL!

GREAT GUNS... THE PLANT'S MOVING!



The ENTIRE GREEN MASS DREW BACK---REVEALING SOMETHING THAT GLEAMED IN THE DAPPLED SUNLIGHT!





THERE IT IS, DENNIS! **NOW** YOU KNOW WHAT THESE PEOPLE HAVE DONE WITH THEIR GOLD!

BUT THAT VINE! A MERE PLANT THAT CAN LISTEN TO A VOICE... **AND OBEY!**



A HIGH ORDER OF PLANT LIFE CAN BE CAPABLE OF REFLEX ACTION! THIS ONE ALSO EXUDES A FAINT SCENT WHICH IS SAID TO CREATE **VISIONS** UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES! AND ALL OF ITS QUALITIES HAVE BEEN TRAINED ONLY TO **PROTECT THIS IDOL!**

I CAN SEE WHY! THAT THING'S WORTH **MILLIONS**... FAR MORE THAN I'D EVER FIND IN A DOZEN LIFETIMES OF POKING AROUND IN THE JUNGLE!



DENNIS...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE IT'S THE REAL STUFF... **THAT'S** WHAT! I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR GOLD, AND NOW I'VE FOUND IT... **I'M TAKING THIS IDOL!**

NO--DON'T! IT'LL BE ON YOUR **CONSCIENCE**, AND I'M WARNING YOU... THE VINE WILL **MAKE YOU REGRET IT!**

DON'T TRY TO SCARE ME, MANNING... I'LL BE FOUR THOUSAND MILES FROM HERE WITHIN A WEEK! NOW, TELL THOSE NATIVES OF YOURS TO GET ROPES... **AND START HAULING!**

YARD BY YARD, THE GOLDEN GOD WAS DRAGGED THROUGH THE JUNGLE... AWAY FROM THE QUIVERING VINE THAT HAD SHIELDED IT!

SOMEHOW, I'LL SMUGGLE IT INTO THE UNITED STATES! THEN IT'S JUST A MATTER OF MELTING IT DOWN... AND WINDING UP WITH MORE MONEY THAN I'LL EVER BE ABLE TO SPEND! THAT STUFF ABOUT **CONSCIENCE** AND THE VINE... PURE **HOKUM!**



AS DENNIS' LAUNCH HEADED DOWN-RIVER WITH THE IDOL...

YOUR IDOL IS GONE... BUT YOU MUST NOT GRIEVE! WE WILL REMEMBER ROGER DENNIS... SOME DAY WE WILL KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM! **AND THEN WE WILL SEND HIM A PRESENT... FROM THE JUNGLE!** WE'LL MAKE SURE THAT HE DOESN'T **FORGET** WHAT HE'S DONE... THAT THE MEMORY HAUNTS HIM...



AND AS EVENING FELL, THE HUGE VINE SEEMED TO REACH AND GROPE WITH EVERY LEAF ALIVE... AS IF SEARCHING FOR THE GOD THAT WOULD NEVER RETURN! THEN A SINGLE TENDRIL FOUND WHAT IT WAS SEEKING... THE FRAGMENT OF GOLD THAT DENNIS HAD SHOT FROM THE IDOL! WRITHING IN THE MOONLIGHT, THE LEAVES LINGERED OVER WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE GOD... AS IF THEY REMEMBERED... AND WOULD NEVER FORGET!



TEN YEARS PASSED...AND ROGER DENNIS HAD EVERYTHING HIS HEART DESIRED! WHEN HE TIRED OF HIS IMMENSE COUNTRY ESTATE, HE TRAVELLED TO HIS FAVORITE HAUNTS...LIKE THE GAMBLING CASINO IN RIO DE JANEIRO!

OH...WHAT A PITY, MR. DENNIS! YOU'VE LOST \$40,000 ON A SINGLE TURN OF THE WHEEL!

MERE PEANUTS! WIN OR LOSE, I'M ACCUSTOMED TO DOING THINGS IN A BIG WAY!



IT MUST BE WONDERFUL TO BE THAT WEALTHY! I'VE READ ALL ABOUT YOUR 500-ACRE ESTATE NEAR NEW YORK!

IF YOU'RE EVER UP THAT WAY...DROP IN AND SEE ME! YOU'LL LIKE THE PLACE...



MR. DENNIS...WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'RE SHAKING ALL OVER!

IT...IT'S NOTHING...

JUST A TOUCH OF MALARIA I PICKED UP IN THE JUNGLE YEARS AGO! I'LL HAVE TO SPEND THREE OR FOUR DAYS IN BED...AND THEN I'LL BE OKAY UNTIL THE NEXT ATTACK!



WEEKS LATER, AT A JUNGLE MISSIONARY POST, A PAIR OF GNARLED HANDS OPENED A NEWLY-ARRIVED BOX OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES! AND AS THEY LIFTED OUT THE PACKING, THE HANDS HESITATED...AND TREMBLED!

DOCTOR, IT IS THE DEVIL-MAN...THE DEVIL-MAN WHO STOLE OUR GOD!

AND HE HAS AN ESTATE...NEAR NEW YORK! BRING A KNIFE, AND COME WITH ME... INTO THE JUNGLE!



AND AGAIN THE VINE RUSTLED, AS IT ALWAYS DID...SEEKING, GROPING FOR THE GOD THAT WAS NOT THERE!

IT REMEMBERS THE DAY! IT REMEMBERS THE DEVIL-MAN!

YES...THAT IS WHY WE ARE SENDING A PRESENT...TO MR. ROGER DENNIS! THE VINE CAN'T DO HIM ANY PHYSICAL HARM, PERHAPS, BUT IT'S GOING TO MAKE HIM... REMEMBER!



THIS WAS THE FABULOUS DENNIS ESTATE...MILE UPON MILE OF ROLLING LAWNS...AND GREENHOUSES CRAMMED WITH PLANTS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD!



IS THIS THE NEW VINE YOU MENTIONED, PERKINS? VERY INTERESTING!

IT SEEMS TO HAVE COME FROM SOME COLLECTOR IN BRAZIL, MR. DENNIS! AND IF I MAY SAY SO... IT'S A VERY ODD PLANT!



NO MATTER HOW MUCH I TRIM IT...IT KEEPS GROWING! YOU CAN ALMOST WATCH IT GROW, AND ALWAYS IN ONE DIRECTION...TOWARD THE HOUSE!

HMMM...THAT'S QUITE INTERESTING! I'LL TAKE IT ALONG WITH ME!





AM I HEARING THINGS...OR IS SOMETHING RUSTLING AROUND IN THIS ROOM? AND THERE'S A SLIGHT SCENT...ODDLY FAMILIAR, AS IF FROM YEARS AGO...



THAT VINE! IT'S REACHING OUT...STARTING TO TWINE AROUND MY GOLD WATCH!



THOSE WAVY TENDRILS... COILING AND GLIDING TOWARD GOLD! IT'S THE SAME VINE I SAW IN THE JUNGLE...THE VINE THAT PROTECTED THE IDOL!



I DON'T KNOW HOW IT GOT HERE, BUT I'M GETTING RID OF IT...**FOR GOOD!** IT MAKES ME REMEMBER...THINGS I DON'T WANT TO...



I'VE GOT TO GET A GRIP ON MYSELF...THAT PLANT WILL BE ASHES WITHIN A MINUTE! ASIDE FROM MY MALARIA, I CAN **FORGET** THE JUNGLE...I HAVEN'T A WORRY IN THE WORLD!



BUT SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, SIR...STRANGE, ISN'T IT? HIDING ITSELF LIKE THAT UNDER A BUSH...LOOKING FOR A CHANCE TO GROW WHERE NO ONE WOULD SEE IT!

ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE VINES! BUT NOW...



MAYBE A LEAF FELL OFF...AND TOOK ROOT! A VINE LIKE THIS HAS A QUEER WAY OF SPREADING!

DOES IT? WE'LL SEE ABOUT **THAT!**



I'LL CHOP IT TO BITS! LET'S SEE IT SPREAD NOW!

HERE'S ANOTHER ---AND I THINK YOU'LL FIND MORE! GROWING ALL OVER THE ESTATE---AS IF ON PURPOSE!



IN THAT MOMENT, THE ODD SCENT OF THE PLANT HIT HIM IN A WAVE! AND A HAUNTING MEMORY CAME TO HIM ---A HALF-FORGOTTEN VOICE---

NO... DON'T! IT'LL BE ON YOUR CONSCIENCE, AND I'M WARNING YOU... THE VINE WILL MAKE YOU REGRET IT!



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE...IT'S MADNESS! HOW COULD A PLANT... PUNISH ME...?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR... AND I'M NOT WAITING TO FIND OUT! I QUIT!



FOR THE NEXT WEEK, DENNIS ROVED HIS WIDE ACRES LIKE A WILD MAN---HACKING AND SLASHING IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

I'LL SLASH EVERY LAST LEAF I FIND!

LOOK AT HIM---DISTURBED BY A PLANT! IT'S AS IF THERE'S SOMETHING ON HIS MIND THAT WON'T LET HIM BE---



I'VE BEEN OVER EVERY INCH OF MY PROPERTY... AND THERE ISN'T A SHRED OF THE BLASTED VINE LEFT! NOW... I CAN RELAX!



WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO GET UPSET OVER A MERE VINE! I'VE GOT TO REMEMBER THAT ANY KIND OF TENSION IS BAD FOR MY MALARIA! LET'S SEE, WHAT ELSE WAS IT THAT OLD MANNING HAD SAID ABOUT THE PLANT... SOME POWER IT HAD---



SUDDENLY---

MR. DENNIS...WE'RE LEAVING!

WE'RE NOT STAYING IN THIS HOUSE ANOTHER MINUTE!





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- Records at 33 $\frac{1}{2}$, 45, or 78 R.P.M.'s
- Money Back Guarantee



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Now, you can cut your own records at home. Sing, tell jokes, record "secret" conversations. Take off your favorite show and music, and it's all ready to play back instantly. Baby's first words, famous speeches, top shows and so much more are all captured by you forever. Yes, with this precision instrument, you no longer need expensive tape recorders. And, think how useful this exciting recorder will be at parties, gatherings and wherever you and your family and friends gather.

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Rush me my exploding Hand Grenade at once. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return after 10 Day Free Trial for prompt refund of purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$1 plus 25¢ shipping charges.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery & C.O.D. & shipping.

Name

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My name is Charles Atlas. Of course, I can't promise that you'll win the title of "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," as I did. But I *do* say that I believe I can make a mighty powerful He-Man out of you — in a very short time. In fact, you can prove it to yourself in 7 days. At my risk, of course. And I have good reason for believing I can do it. Because during the last 30 years I have turned many thousands of weaklings — fellows who were ashamed of their bodies — into beautifully-proportioned human dynamos of strength, energy, and tireless endurance . . . with the kind of muscular development that needn't take "back talk" from any one. My big free book will tell you how my secret of Dynamic Tension may be able to do such a job for you. Where shall I send your copy? There's not a bit of cost or obligation on your part. So mail the coupon now.

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GIANT FLYING PLASTIC JET— NOW ONLY \$1



Yes! Gleaming silver plastic *twenty-one inches long!* Slashes through the air at 600 scale miles an hour—*every second under your complete control.*

So life-like that it even **SOUNDS** like a real jet! So authentic that Pan American Airways has authorized it as an Official Model! *And now it is yours complete—with nothing else to buy!—FOR A PRICE SO LOW THAT UNTIL TODAY IT WAS ENTIRELY IMPOSSIBLE.*

No Fuel! No Danger!
Yet It Flies 600
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Simply attach the U-Control Line as we show you to the left wing. Then suspend the model from this control line, and begin slowly to swing it through the air. *Before your astonished eyes, you will see one of the most thrilling aerodynamic sights of your entire life!*

This model is perfectly designed for high-speed flight! As soon as it picks up power from the motion of your hand, it will lift up its nose, its wings will begin to cut through the air, it will flash upward and streak ahead of you! As you give it more and more line it will turn wider and wider, fly faster and faster! You have perfect control every second of its flight! You can fly it in circles only five feet wide, or you can take it outdoors and fly it in gigantic arcs

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You can make this plane soar upward—stall at fantastic heights—dive towards the ground—and then pick up speed and flash upward again in a breath-taking rescue! You can make the engines on your plane scream like fighters at bursts of 600 scale miles an hour! You can make them purr softly at cruising speed—hear them roar again as your plane picks up altitude and speed!

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All plastic! Almost twenty-one inches long, six inches high, twenty-one inches in wing-span!

Full brilliant official colors! Silver engines and wings—red, white and blue body! All colors already printed on the plastic! Nothing to paint! No chance of a mistake!

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Send me your **DOUGLAS DC-8 JETLINER** all-plastic flying model entirely at your risk!—I am enclosing only \$..... in check, money order or cash for models. I understand that the price of these models during this special introductory offer is only \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling charges for each model.

I must be delighted with this—**OR I MAY SIMPLY RETURN IT TO YOU WITHIN ONE WEEK FOR EVERY CENT OF MY MONEY BACK.**

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